

## BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

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MONDAY, MAY 23, 1904



YES, WE'VE SAID IT BEFORE.  
WE FIT THE HARD TO FIT.

In stock we have "stouts" in all the various dimensions. What alterations are necessary we make on the spot. When your shape is in our suits you look fit, you feel fit, and you are fit to go anywhere.

Underwear on the same generous plan—big, easy fits for big men.

WE CLEAN, PRESS AND REPAIR CLOTHING.

**F. H. ROGERS & CO.**

Successors to Rogers & Grady Co.,  
Quinlen Block, - Barre, Vermont.

## ABOUT THE STATE.

Items of Interest Gleaned From Our Exchanges.

The Vermont State Association of Undertakers will hold its state convention at Burlington Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 28, 29, and 30.

William Thurston of Norwich, captured one day last week five little foxes about six weeks old, and the first of this week E. L. Duggan and Charles Atwood captured four more.

Charles Carruth of Shaftsbury came near losing a good cow last week in a marsh in his pasture. The cow's head and a portion of the body was all that was in sight when seen by Edward Percy and Lester Sloum. The cow had to be drawn out by horses.

Private letters received in Bellows Falls indicate that Charles H. Robb of Bellows Falls, the newly appointed assistant attorney-general, will not assume his duties at the department of justice for some time. He has been especially commissioned by President Roosevelt to continue in his present line of postoffice investigation and this work will probably take several months of his time.

Seventy-four years ago this month there was a heavy fall of snow and Gordon Squires of Bennington used to tell that May 15, 1834, "I walked from Bennington to Bennington Center, one mile, to accept the position of clerk in Lyman Patchin's store. Five or six inches of snow had fallen the previous night. The apple and peach trees were in blossom and the bright sunshine of the morning made them look as though loaded with crystals."

## JINGLES AND JESTS.

The Fisherman.

I settin' on a log  
An' fishin' for a cork.  
An' watchin' the cork,  
An' wishin'—

Jus' settin' round home  
An' fishin' for a cork.  
Jus' settin' round home—  
An' wishin'—  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Obering Orders.

"Now, what in the world do you mean by throwing so many of those apples away?"  
"Sure, mum, yez told me to bare none but the big ones."—Detroit Free Press.

On Post.

Round Sergeant—What! Asleep again? Can it be that this is from force of habit?

Waking Patrolman—N-no, sir. Just a habit of th' force.—Baltimore American.

Motto For a Married Man.

Be sure you're right and then keep it to yourself.

Hope Not.

A habit women used to have—  
Was wearing habit backs. Alack!  
The fashion notes are full of gloom.  
We fear they'll get the habit back.

Real Role of Her.



"I'll never speak to her again in all my life."  
"Has she offended you?"  
"Has she? Well, I should think so! She came to my pink tea yesterday in a flaming red dress and completely spoiled my color scheme."—New York American.

Paint Your Buggy for 75c.

to \$1.00 with Devore's Gloss Carriage Paint. It weighs 3 to 8 ounces more to the pint than others, wears longer, and gives a gloss equal to new work. Sold by Reynolds & Son.

## PARTING WITH SOLDIERS

Japanese Farewell to Troops ON For the Front.

A MOST IMPRESSIVE "SEND-OFF."

The Demonstration Was Voluntarily Planned to Cheer the Men—Flags and Lanterns Were Waved on All Sides—How One Soldier Parted From His Wife and Little Ones.

"The Japanese women never weep," so concluded the writer of a Japanese love story. If that writer could have seen a parting that I witnessed the other day, he would not thus have committed himself, says the correspondent of the London St. James Gazette, writing from Kobe, Japan. The man was not a "little Jap." He was not a tall man, either. Of medium height, with a big chest and square shoulders, and a countenance which, if not altogether handsome, was unmistakably honest, he was a typical soldier and a man. There were others similarly uniformed on the platform, and a small crowd wearing the traditional kimono and clogs watched them with admiration as they strapped up their accoutrements or squatted on their knapsacks and talked and puffed their cigarettes. That night he was their last sodan on that station, for they were off to face the Russians in Korea.

Through the gate came a woman. The official there did not insist on the platform ticket, which is essential on all Japanese railway stations for the privilege of "seeing off," he stood aside and allowed her to pass. She was distinctly pretty, and with the pleasantest air in acknowledgment of the privilege accorded her by the official, passed on to the platform. I noticed that her lips were reddened and her face was slightly powdered, and the tiny baby she was carrying on her back was dressed in his picturesque holiday garb. The little girl who clung to the woman's kimono was also attired in a new dress of the brightest colors, her straightly cut hair with the little shaven circle on the crown bearing evidences of special attention for a special occasion, and her chubby little face delicately "improved" by a cosmetic touch.

The woman's smile of thanks quickly gave place to a look of concern, but her countenance brightened again as she espied the group of soldiers, and the one for whom she was looking pressed through the little throng and advanced toward her. Again she smiled and courted as her husband greeted her in that severely polite and formal way which is the manner of Japanese husbands at all times. With but a word to the woman, he playfully snapped his fingers for the edification of his son and heir, and then the little girl left her mother and took her father's outstretched hand in both hers and looked up at him inquiringly. They sauntered to the quiet end of the platform, the mother folding her hands at her back for the support of the infant, a sure sign of fatigue, and I could see by the manner of the little girl as she sidled up to her father, almost overbalancing herself on her tiny clogs, that he had cracked a joke for her especial benefit.

For awhile I forgot that little family as I noticed the railway officials busily displaying from the waiting rooms and booking offices the blue-mant, the unpretentious but effective Japanese flag, which has so frequently been entwined with the union jack of late, while many people were arriving, all paying for a platform ticket and all bearing a blue-mant of some description. They brought red and white lanterns, too, and I now understood why it was that the tea houses in the vicinity of the station, the "station hotels," were festooned with lanterns bearing the familiar emblem of the rising sun. These, I afterward learned, were left burning all night while the troop trains were passing through "to light the soldiers on their way."

There was yet half an hour before the train was due, but the clatter of clogs on the paved platform increased, and all was already bustle and excitement. Young girls in bright kimono and gay obi, with flowers or ribbons in their coiffured hair, brought quaint little baskets, and a couple of smiling coolies carried bundles of long bamboo.

A full hour had elapsed; the train was more than thirty minutes late, and evening was falling. The approach of the train was heralded by an unmusical screech, evidently turned on for the occasion by the patriotic engine driver, and it was greeted with a vociferous bannai—which sounds very like "hurrah"—when shouted by a crowd—and as it steamed slowly in a hundred heads were thrust from the windows and a hundred tiny flags fluttered and rustled in response to the bannai and waving of the crowd. Bannai! Bannai! Bannai!

The little group of soldiers on the platform were joyfully hustled into a compartment reserved for them, all being presented by people in the crowd with flags, amid the heartiest sayonaras. It was then that I noticed the mother and the children. There were no embraces with their goodbyes, no kisses, no cumbrous handkerchiefs. The father merely patted the boy's head and stroked the little girl's cheek, and bowed profusely to his wife with many "last words." The demonstration of the people seemed to please the woman not a little, and it certainly delighted the children. She was smiling, and I wondered did she realize that perhaps her gallant spouse might never return.

The girls on the platform had opened their baskets and were taking from them packets of cigarettes which they

attached to the bamboo held by the coolies and thus conveyed them over the heads of the people into the crowded compartments. The cigarettes were called "Happy," this definition being printed on the packages in English beneath a picture of Britannia hand in hand with Yamato Hime, the goddess-princess of Japan, thus symbolizing the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The little girl—O Hana San her mother called her—was sent to secure a packet of cigarettes for her father and quickly returned, delighted, with two packets, which she handed to him through the carriage window.

This was the most impressive send-off I had ever witnessed. The undoubted sincerity of the crowd, many of the young men in which would eventually have themselves to go to the front, was very noticeable. There was nothing of the hilarious after dinner "for he's a jolly good fellow" element about this Japanese farewell. The demonstration was voluntarily planned to cheer the soldiers, and it did much to prove to them—if, indeed, such proof were necessary—that the heart of the nation would be with them wherever they might be sent in their country's cause.

The train with its precious burden lumbered onward, the waving of flags and lanterns, the sayonaras, the bannais, being responded to as lustily as at first. The after half of the train consisted of horse boxes and vans, beneath the dark covers of which could be seen the wheels of the gun carriages. It was gone. Then in a flash the horrors of war pierced my mind. These somber cars as they left the station in the semidarkness seemed to cruelly shut off the brave laughter and shouting as the sound gradually died away. There was an indescribable silence in the ebbing crowd, and my spirits sank as I noticed that sweet young mother and the two bairns, blissfully ignorant of her cares. The baby was dangling a miniature red lantern on a small bamboo, which somebody had given him. The woman's face was momentarily screened by her long sleeve and then by a glimpse from the weird lantern light her powdered face told its own story. It was as if the bloom had been rudely erased from the fruit—she was crying. She drew O Hana San to her, and as they shuffled homeward in the darkness I thought of that sentence, "The Japanese women never weep." Maybe they seldom allow their tears to be observed; but, believe me, there are many soft brown eyes moistened in "happy Japan" today.

## An Appendixless Club.

The Appendixless club is to be the name of a unique social organization projected by Hamlet A. Rye of Sioux City, Ia., says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. Mr. Rye called a meeting of all who have lost their vermiform and purposes a permanent organization. It will be something like a G. A. R., Mr. Rye says. "We can talk of our wounds and our battles within the prison walls of the hospitals."

## Algerian Village Women Doctors.

The French government in Algeria proposes to establish a woman doctor in every village where the native population is large enough, the native women being prevented by their social customs from consulting men physicians. In Algiers a dispensary has already been opened for women.

## BARRE OPERA HOUSE

Week of MAY 23d

25TH YEAR

**Bennett-Moulton COMPANY.**

Producing the Following Plays:

EVENING.

Monday . . . . . A Daughter of the People  
Tuesday . . . . . The Belle of Virginia  
Wednesday . . . . . Outcasts of Society  
Thursday . . . . . The Lyndon Bank Robbery  
Friday . . . . . Shipwrecked  
Saturday . . . . . The Strike at Murdock Mills

MATINEE.

Saturday . . . . . The Working Girl

Evening Prices, - - 10, 20 and 30c  
Matinee Prices, - - 10 and 20c

On Sale at Red Cross Pharmacy, Friday, May 20.

**J. W. GRADY.**

**Merchant Tailoring.**

**ALSO CLEANING AND REPAIRING**

**J. W. GRADY,**

UP STAIRS.

Quinlen Block, - Barre, Vermont.

## New Summer Waists!

We have just received another shipment of Ladies' Summer Shirt Waists, better values than ever.

98c

We are showing a nice line of White Muslin Waists, daintily trimmed with embroidery, as our leader, at 98c. They are good value at \$1.25.

At \$1.25 we can sell you a handsome White Waist, trimmed with blind embroidery and tucked. It is very pretty and excellent value at this price. **\$1.25**

This is one of the best Waist values, trimmed with Mexican hand drawn embroidery and in style the latest. An extra good value at the price, **\$1.48**

Handsome Waists in Lawn and Mercerized, trimmed very daintily, at **\$1.75, \$1.98 and \$2.25**

Special.—Twenty pieces of Fancy White Goods in hem-stitched, stripes, mercerized and lace stripes, all new goods. The price per yard is only **10c and 15c**

Finest collection of Fancy Figures, Dimities and Muslins for shirt waists and dresses. All goods cheerfully shown.

## THE VAUGHAN STORE

**THE PERLEY E. POPE CO.**

Corner Store, Montpelier.

## Perspiration Proof Silks!

We have just received the black and white in these popular Jap Silks. The beauty of these Silks is unsurpassed in light-weight Silks and the quality is such that perspiration does not affect them. 32 inches wide, 75c a yard.

**THE PERLEY E. POPE COMPANY,**

PERLEY E. POPE, Manager.

COME WHERE THE

## Assortment is the Largest

Come Where Prices Are Low.

Fifty Vehicles on our floor to select from and almost as many Harness



We will not be undersold by anybody, north or south, east or west.

Our Fine Hand-Made Harness, - - \$14.50

Don't buy a Wagon or Harness until you see us, or get our Catalogue. We have a complete equipment for Rubber Tiring old and new wagons.

**COLLINS & COLTON,**

WHOLESALE 84 State Street, RETAIL  
Montpelier, - - - - - Vermont.

## Furnishings!

Here's where the man who is particular about his Furnishings can always get what he is looking for. The Shirts, Neckwear, Underwear, Hosiery, Collars, Gloves, Suspenders, Belts, etc., are just a little newer than he can find at other stores. This is the verdict of our customers. Suppose you come and see? Our prices will be right. They are always right.

**MOORE & OWENS,**

122 North Main St., Barre, Vermont.

## The City Auction Rooms

HAVE TAKEN A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Open at all reasonable hours. Someone in constant attendance to show goods of every description.

**BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES, COUCHES,**

Mantel Beds and Sofas. Stoves, Ranges, Gasolene Stoves and Ovens. Kitchen Utensils, Lamps, Globes and Oil Cans. Washing Machines and Wringers. Mats, Rugs, Carpeting and other goods too numerous to mention here.

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